[fic] Intruder.

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Title: Intruder.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Non-con smut with pegging. Also has S6 finale spoilers. Also angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Raphael/Lucifer.
Word Count: 1,251 words.
Summary: human!Raphael has human!Lucifer bound and open...and things go wrong from there.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was pegging/strap-ons.

Many thanks to **_bluebells** for the wordwars. :D

Lucifer curls his fingers in an attempt to keep blood flowing through them despite the tightness of the bonds, and smirks up at Raphael. "I'm waiting."

"Then keep waiting," Raphael is in no mood to talk to Lucifer tonight, nor to negotiate with him. She has her own plans for him tonight, and he will not influence them. "I'll gag you if I need to."

When she glances at Lucifer, he is still smirking.

Raphael takes in a breath and reminds herself that there is no requirement for her to be gentle, and that there will be no interruptions. If she wants this to go badly wrong, it can. And Lucifer's wrists are still bound to the headboard.

"You're too confident," Raphael says coldly.

"I'm not afraid of family."

"You should be, Lucifer," Raphael says, hooking a finger into Lucifer's entrance. It is the only preparation she will give him, and this is the farthest she will go in degrading herself for him.

"Why?" Lucifer asks through an involuntary gasp. "You won't kill me."

"You can't be sure of that," Raphael pushes her finger further in, then withdraws it quickly. She can't prevent herself from talking to him, and hates herself for that.

"You hate me too much to kill me," Lucifer says with a bitter laugh. (She doesn't care that it is bitter, he is *laughing* at her) "You want me to suffer, suffer more, and then be left alive so I can't escape it."

Raphael hisses as she secures the harness once more - he's right. She curls fingers around the dildo, holds it tight. Pretends it's his throat. He's known this was coming ever since she walked into the room and told him where to sit. Raphael still likes to think he's nervous, not that he ever shows nerves.

"Raphael," Lucifer says, and then she is in him. A single smooth motion that must hurt him, but she is in. Lucifer makes a sound.

She went slow enough to find the path of least resistance. Raphael tries smirking at him now, and thinks she likes it. Likes making his eyes go wide. For all that Lucifer was expecting this, he wasn't expecting *this*.

Raphael raises fingers to Lucifer's cheek and brushes it, watching intently as he reacts to what's doing. To how she shifts in subtle movements and does quick out-and-in thrusts that leave him gasping and making soft sounds with every movement.

Lucifer, speechless. She likes it. Raphael digs nails into his cheek and stills her hips, resting in him, her other hand brushing at his thighs and balls and cock as she adjusts her hold on the dildo.

It's nearly a full minute before he has regained enough control to speak.

"Raphael," he says, and that's her cue to move again, to cut him off before he can try again. And once he is making an odd whining sound, she slows her thrusts, runs her thumb over his tip.

"You fall apart more quickly than I expected," she says. "I'm pleased."

It's another minute before Lucifer shows his hand.

Lucifer's eyes focus as she rolls her hips and he growls at her, and there is cool amusement in his voice when he does speak, as if he has been in control all along.

As if he's the best damn actor in the entirely world.

"I like your expression when you think you've won," Lucifer says, and jerks his hands forward. The bonds fail, and he's grinning now as he cups

her cheeks. "But I like it even better when you're furious."

He kisses her gently, as if he really did like her.

Their lips part. Lucifer breathes cold air on her mouth.

"Learn to tie ropes better," he whispers, and Raphael *knows* something is wrong, now.

They're human, he shouldn't be cold.

He shouldn't have the strength to push them back over so he is straddling her, the dildo still in him, just barely, and he shouldn't have the control to slide back down on her as he effortlessly holds her wrists at her sides.

Raphael feels cold fear as he rides her, and it is a fight not to throw him off but instead to stop that fear before it overwhelms her, turn it into anger which she can use.

Lucifer's wings, when they spread over them both, terrify her.

And human strength is nothing to the solid, cold weight of his hands.

"I have no reason to fear you," Lucifer tells her with a laugh. He is pumping himself with his other hand, and how - *how* is he still an angel, how did he hide it, how - the questions are endless but Raphael cannot ask them, not when fear chokes her throat and arousal still runs down her body as he moves. It's wrong, she thinks, human bodies don't work like that, but -

"Do you think your death was kind?" Lucifer asks, laughing, "Do you think the one who would deny Heaven and *me* would be kind?"

Memory surges in.

Raphael's vessel destroyed with barely a thought, and hesitation moments before she too would be destroyed. A different pain instead, of Grace being torn away - her vessel restored to her but only briefly before Hell. Raphael remembers the pain of being dragged through Hell, and the shock of cold when she was thrown behind the bars of the Cage.

Castiel's whispered words: "I don't like killing angels."

And Michael's horror, and Lucifer -

Lucifer, who was only too happy to grant her reprieve from realty.

Lucifer who is still riding her, who is watching anger fill her again and drive her to fight harder against him, to claw at his skin ineffectual as it is, and Lucifer who is going to make her come.

Reality drops in like a stone as her orgasm rips through her, and she comes to on the floor of the Cage, Lucifer still on her, Michael watching from the corner.

Lucifer lifts himself and lets the rest of the dream fade, and the dildo fades into dust.

"Why - " Raphael works her mouth, her throat, and hates that she is all but human as her Grace (torn and destroyed as it is) is keeping her alive, keeping her alive and helpless here. She wants to tear into him, rend Lucifer limb from limb and damn the consequences.

Lucifer pats her cheek, gives her a gentle kiss, and is laughing as he turns away from her.

"Entertainment," he says as he sits between Michael's feet, grips Michael's ankle with a hand. "And anger will keep you warm. Michael and I don't want a shell keeping us company in here for the next eternity."

Raphael moves back into a wall, hugging herself. It's true, she thinks. Anger will keep her going, will keep her sane so she can destroy Lucifer when she has a chance.

But Michael -

He isn't looking at her.

Raphael feels chills and shuts down that line of thought, letting her eyes fall to Lucifer. There. There is the reason everything is wrong, and there is her anger.

Raphael hugs her knees tighter and promises herself that one day she will fuck Lucifer with a dildo, and he will not fake anything, and he will not break free, and she will rend him limb from limb in the moments before he reaches completion.

She'll make Lucifer fear her.

"I promise you that," Raphael whispers into her arms, and doesn't look at her brothers.